HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

Hope on, hope ever; though
today be dark,
The sweet sunburst may smile
on thee tomorrow.
—Gerald Massey.

Here's Another Installment of the Self-Analyzing Reflections of Mary MacLane From Her Latest Book

The Times' Daily Magazine Page

EVERLASTING LIFE.

How can he be dead
Who lives immortal in the
hearts of men?
—Henry W. Longfellow.

All's Well That Ends Well

The Story of the Boy and Girl Who Broke Their Engagement

By Jane McLean.

"GIRLS, did you know that Elsie had broken her engagement?"

There was a howl of derision from the crowd. Nonsense. You must be crazy. Where on earth did you ever hear that?"

"It's true. You may be sure I wouldn't be telling it if it weren't."

"How do you know?"

"Her mother told my mother this morning."

The girls all fell to gossipping. What could have happened? Ted and Elsie had been so well suited. Why, they had been friends from childhood, and when they had finally become engaged every one had thought it the most natural thing in the world. How strange it would seem not to see them together, and to think of Ted Crofts unhampered stirred more than one girl's heart.

"Perhaps they've had a quarrel and it will be patched up in a day or so," suggested one of the girls.

The first speaker shook her head. "I don't think so," she said, thoughtfully. "It isn't like Elsie to break an engagement for no reason other than a quarrel."

"What did her mother seem to think about it?"

"I don't know. I couldn't learn anything definite. I'm telling you girls all I know about the matter."

The truth of the entire thing had happened the evening before on the veranda of the Howells residence.

As usual, Ted had come over to see Elsie and they had settled themselves on the veranda for a talk. Elsie was not happy She had noticed that these talks had taken the place of other intimacies that engaged couples generally think indispensable. Ted had certainly changed, and Elsie wondered vaguely what had changed him.

"Ted," she said finally, summoning up all her courage, "what's the matter with you?"

Ted started. "Why, nothing, Elsie," he had said, flushing uncomfortably.

Elsie laughed and her laugh helped to reassure him.

"What makes you think there is?" he had parried.

"Don't be foolish, Ted. Haven't you known me long enough to tell me the truth. Aren't we friends?"

The boy met her honest eyes with his own filled with distress.

"Don't, Elsie," he begged; "don't?"

"Don't what?" said the girl lightly. "Let's come to the point. You've changed since you went West on that trip, haven't you?"

Ted was silent.

"Of course you have," the girl went on. "Now tell me who she is."

Ted sprang up. "Elsie," he exclaimed, "why, you're a witch! How did you know? How could you know?"

"You silly," she scoffed, "any one would know. Tell me about her. And why didn't you speak to me when you first found out?"

"Because I didn't want to be a cad," the boy returned, words coming in a torrent now. "I knew that we were engaged and I was going to go through with it. I couldn't bear to make you unhappy."

"You might have known," the girl said steadily, "that if you married me loving another woman I should never have been happy."

"I didn't think of that, but I was going to do the decent thing."

"And you met her out West?"

Ted nodded. "Yes, and she's such a little darling. I just couldn't help it. Oh, you're a peach to take it like this, Elsie, and to understand so well. Of course I might have known that the feeling between us was more like that of brother and sister."

In the darkness the girl smiled bitterly. Did she love Ted like a brother, or was her hurt just the hurt pride that any engaged girl might feel on hearing for the first time that another is more attractive to a man than she is herself? For a long time Elsie had been questioning herself on just this subject, and she was too fair a girl to reason that she herself was hurt unless she really was.

"Have you said anything to her?" she asked softly.

"Of course not," the boy denied. "While we were engaged! What do you take me for, Elsie?"

"A good friend," the girl said suddenly, steadily. "After all, Ted, that's all we are. I don't see how we could have drifted into anything else. Why, I have actually seen your mother give you a spanking, and you have seen me all smeared up with jam. Go and tell her, Ted, and let's call our engagement off."

And the girl, with a brave little smile, held out her ring and slipped softly away into the shadows. But even then, in the hurt of her heart, she realized that it was a hurt because of what the girls might think rather than any lasting unhappiness.

HICTANER---"The Man Fish"

Severac Openly Declares His Love for Mlle. Moisette

By Jean De La Hire

"What do you wish, Monsieur?" she asked.

What Has Gone Before.

Fulbert, a Buddhist monk of the Tibetan Lama, living in an isolated house on the Island of Cabrera in the Mediterranean, longs to rule the world. Fulbert is alone with Oxus, master of the house, who has made startling experiments in vivisection. Fulbert learns that Oxus has succeeded in producing a new kind of creature by ingrafting the lungs of a great fish in an orang outang. They decide to try the same experiment on a human being.

Oxus had expected his own wife, Bertha, to give birth to a male child, but a little girl was born instead. Fulbert, in a monastery in Spain, takes from Martha de Bilguires her male infant born out of wedlock. The mother goes mad when the child is torn from her breast.

Fulbert takes the child and journeys back to Cabrera.

Eighteen years pass. The scene shifts to the French torpedo boat Cyclone, in Villefranche Harbor. The commander, Lieut. Louis de Closrat, is talking to a friend. It is February 1. Closrat calls attention to a newspaper article which tells of a visit of a mysterious stranger to the palace of the Kaiser. The Kaiser is commanded to dissolve the Reichstag by the "Unknown." Similar proclamations are received by the rulers of France, Belgium, Denmark, Great Britain, Austria, Russia, and Holland.

Closrat and the other officers of the French squadron are summoned on board Admiral Germinet's flagship. The admiral announces that the "Unknown" has blown up a German and a British battleship, and has also destroyed Fort Chavagnac, Cherbourg.

Other forts and ships also are destroyed.

Fulbert and Oxus are then turned to in the story, being located on an island on the Arabian coast.

"Hictaner," or the man-fish, comes into the chamber and talks to Oxus and Furbert by means of signals. The two monks Fulbert and Oxus disclose their secret scheme to Severac, thus far ignorant of it.

Fulbert decides to allow "Hictaner" greater freedom, and tell him he can leave the cavern in which he has been hidden for some time, whenever he wishes. Hictaner is overjoyed, and he is then examined by Oxus to see that he is in good health.

Meanwhile Moisette visits Martha de Bilguires, mother of Hictaner, kept a prisoner in the Caverns, who has the double tragedy of her life. After leaving her, Moisette goes out to the shore, where she meets Hictaner. Later Severac comes to an understanding with Uxus and Fulbert.

Now Go On With the Story.

FULBERT and Oxus had both gone to their rooms. Moisette passed out and Severac followed her. The young girl walked down the hall with the intention of going back to her apartment.

Once on the stairs, however, she was seized with a great longing to sit once more in Aurora's chair, and there to dream.

Thereupon she went up the stairs. When she reached the trapdoor she turned around instinctively. Severac was gone.

"What a strange man," she murmured. "Why did he look at me so? What does he want of me? My father said he was to be with us at table hereafter. It is a nuisance! He is distasteful to me. I don't know why."

She pressed the spring and the trapdoor opened.

A moment later Moisette was reclining in Aurora's chair.

A simple white mantilla covered her head.

She was turned so that the rays of the sun would not shine in her face, and with her eyes fixed upon the reef where her young god had first stood, she dreamed.

Moisette's dreams were those of a young girl who has just begun to experience an emotion completely unlike her daughterly affection or her friendships.

The young girl recalled the books she had read, and asked herself with emotion if this new sentiment were love.

She was completely lost in her paradise, when a voice, speaking some undistinguishable words near her, brought her back rudely to earth.

She gave a little scream, turned her head and saw the engineer, Severac, standing but a step away.

She sat up straight in her stone chair without entirely rising. She asked, mechanically:

"What do you wish, Monsieur?"

Severac was visibly disturbed, pale and very humble.

In a voice devoid of any assurance, he answered:

"May I sit here, mademoiselle? I should like to talk with you."

Very much amazed Moisette thought of refusing to hear him.

Then suddenly a new thought changed her resolve.

"Perhaps he has seen the young man of the sea!" she said to herself. Despite her instinctive antipathy for Severac, she forced herself to smile, though her voice was cold and grave as she replied:

"Be seated, Monsieur. I will listen to you, although I do not know what you can have to say to me which you do not say in my father's presence."

Severac sat on the rock facing Moisette, with his back to the sea.

He kept his eyes intently fixed upon those of the young girl, and said in a tone whose emotion did not prevent its being concise and clear:

"Mademoiselle, I will be brief. For eight months I have cherished the sentiment in my bosom which has forced me to this unsolicited move, and which inspires my words.

"I have forced myself to hide this sentiment. Perhaps it would have always stayed hidden, had not its tyranny made me understand that it was about to be manifested, in spite of all I might do. So I made the only resolve worthy of a man, and I have come to you——"

He halted, overcome by his emotion. Moisette had passed from surprise to stupefaction. She did not understand, or rather, she refused to understand the trend of his grave preamble. She had become as pale as Severac himself, when he went on, without lowering his eyes:

"Mademoiselle, when I first saw you, almost a year ago, life had no interest for me. Existence was really a burden, and I was about to carry out a long standing resolution to do away with myself.

"You reconciled me to life once more.

"It was your first deed for me, but it was not the greatest one.

"My heart itself was dead, or rather it was deep in the lethargy of insensibility.

"You alone have awakened it—you have made it live, palpitate, even suffer—and you have made it hope!

"Do you understand me now? Have I said enough for you to realize that I love you?"

Moisette shuddered. She was about to speak, perhaps to tell him of the instinctive repulsion which he inspired in her. But carried away by passion, Severac exclaimed:

"I love you. I love you with all the youth of a heart newborn to love and to life! I love you with all the fire of a man to whom nothing has ever seemed too bold! I love you and——"

"Enough, monsier, enough," commanded Moisette, hiding her face in her hands.

Her cry cut Severac short. He rose and waited.

Overcome by the emotions which this terrible day had brought into her virgin heart, Moisette wept.

Severac waited, torn asunder by his conflicting impressions.

At last, Moisette's shattered nerves became quieted. She rose.

Her face was calm, her eyes clear, and unmistakable. Her whole bearing showed that she had made a decision, and that this decision would be definite and irrevocable.

Trembling with ill-concealed passion, Severac understood and listened to the words which held his fate.

"Monsieur," said Moisette, in a clear voice, ringing with the confidence of the woman who has made her choice, "Monsieur, I, too, will be brief—and frank. You say you love me. I believe it, for I have no reason to doubt it. Unfortunately, though, I do not love you."

Listen to me, monsier. No, I do not love you. If you had made your avowal yesterday instead of today I might have answered otherwise. I might have said: 'Although I have never felt anything but an absolute indifference for you, I may perhaps love you some day. Let us wait.'

"Yesterday I might have said that, because yesterday I did not know.

"Today I know.

"Today I should be false to us both if I gave you the least hope. Today I can say to you finally:

"'I do not love you, M. Severac, and I never can love you.'"

She was silent. Severac paled at the words which, coming from the mouth of an innocent young girl, were only natural, cruel as they would have been on the part of a more experienced woman.

It seemed to him is if his blood stopped in his veins. While he had not hoped that his love would be immediately returned, he had hardly expected such a final "No."

It was as if he were shot. His dumfoundment did not last long, however. Severac was a man of force. He took hold of himself once more. A thousand thoughts flashed across his brain.

"She loves someone," he said to himself," I have a rival. Who? I must find out."

Goaded on by a new and profound desire, all powerful with vengeance, he lifted up his head once more, looked at Moisette and, fixing his eyes intently upon the calm eyes of the young girl, he said, dryly:

"Why could you have given me hope yesterday, and why am I so definitely refused today? What have you seen? What have you learned in a few hours to so enlighten your heart and formulate your desires?"

"Monsieur, I am not obliged to confide my heart's secrets to you. I will not answer you.

"You say you love me. Very well, then, prove it by keeping silence hereafter. For my part, I will forget today's conversation, but if it should be repeated I shall be obliged to speak to my father: M. Severac, I beg, now, that you will leave me. The siesta hour is passed and my father and uncle must be expecting you in the laboratory."

She was silent and she was afraid.

Severac looked at her so rudely that she seemed already to see herself seized and taken with him into the gulfs of the open sea at their feet.

She drew slowly back in Aurora's chair and opened her mouth to cry out.

A gesture from Severac calmed her, however. The engineer had had momentarily the impulse to spring upon the young girl, to seize her apd to roll with her from the overhanging cliff into the deep sea, but he saw his own folly and controlled himself.

He saw that Moisette was about to scream.

If she did and was heard, all was lost for him. So he bowed and raised two beseeching hands. In a broken voice he said:

"Mademoiselle, I love you. Perhaps your mind is not as clearly made up as you think it is. I will wait. I will wait!"

The young girl tried to answer, but she had not the strength.

Severac had turned. He went toward the trap door and, unfortunately for Moisette, she did not see the fierce look of hatred return to his face, nor hear the harsh words he uttered. If she had seen and heard, she would have been afraid. She would have told her father all.

When Severac had disappeared, Moisette sank back into Aurora's chair and, with her elbows on her knees, her head in her hands, she abandoned herself completely to the nervous reaction which always follows any great crisis of passion or of will.

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

Clams As a Hot Weather Dish

Inexpensive and Nourishing---Try Them and Reduce the High Cost of Living

By Loretto C. Lynch.

THE head of a very large packing house in Chicago tells us there is a meat shortage in our country and patriotically suggests that we refrain from the use of meat at least one day in the week.

"But what can I have on that day?" asks the housewife.

Clams are among the few foods that have not risen in price to any great degree. Moreover, they are in season, and decidedly cheap just now and lend themselves to many palatable dishes.

They give pleasant variety to the diet, and if properly prepared will be found not difficult to digest for the average normal, healthy person. As a first course at dinner clams are served raw "on the half shell."

Put some cracked ice into a soup plate and on it arrange half a dozen freshly opened clams "on the half shell," small ends toward the centre. Place a quarter of a lemon in the centre of the plate. Tabasco sauce, tomato ketchup, horseradish and tiny salt crackers are usually passed with these.

Clam broth is delicious. Many a stubborn case of indigestion has been benefited by a daily cup of hot clam broth. With a vegetable brush scrub a dozen clams in several waters. Place them in a pot with a pint of water. Cover the pot and cook until the clams just open. Drain off the liquor, strain through a double thickness of cheese cloth, reheat and serve.

Remove the clams from their shells and have clam fritters for your lunch. Make a batter of a well-beaten egg, a third of a cup of milk, salt, pepper, one and one-third measuring cups of flour and three level teaspoons of baking powder sifted together. Add the clams chopped. Fry by spoonfuls in deep fat. Drain on soft paper and serve on a folded napkin. A little clam liquor might be used instead of all milk.

What man's mouth does not "water" when he recalls some "stag" affair at which was served "stuffed or devilled clams?"

Try this recipe:

Saute a teaspoonful of chopped Bermuda onion in a little butter for three or four minutes. Be careful not to let the butter burn. Add half a cup of boiling water and about a dozen and a half well-scrubbed clams. Cover and steam until the clams open.

Remove clams from shells and chop fine. Cook the liquor until it is reduced to a third of a cupful. Rub together two level tablespoons each of butter and flour and pour on to this the clam liquor. Add three level tablespoons of cream or top milk, the chopped clams, and season with salt, pepper and a few grains of cayenne. Cook for a moment. Refill clam shells and sprinkle a little chopped parsley on each. Put an inch square of broiled bacon on each clam and serve very hot.

Could you visit Coney Island at this season, you would notice men and women of varying social standing crowded around a certain chowder stand that has been on the Island many years. For here a gray-haired man serves what he claims is original "Coney Island Clam Chowder."

The following is enough for four good-sized portions:

Into the bottom of a pot put a two-inch cube of salt pork, chopped into tiny pieces. Put in a dozen and a half of medium sized clams, chopped. On top of these put two cups of half-inch potato cubes. Add clam liquor, a quart of boiling water, a cup of strained tomato juice, a tablespoon of finely chopped onion, two level teaspoons of salt, half a teaspoon of thyme and a speck of cayenne. Cook slowly until potatoes are done. This does not take very long. Serve with pilot crackers.

There are several reliable firms that put up clams in cans. If you live away from the shore, these may be substituted for the fresh ones.

When you open the can, spread the clams on a shallow china plate and let them air for an hour or more. They will reabsorb the oxygen they lost during the canning process and taste almost as good as fresh clams.

The frequent use of clams, while they are in season at least, will help conserve our meat supply, and will also help to pull down Mr. High Cost.

Anecdotes of the Famous

Miss Ethel Irving tells an amusing story relative to the very peculiar views held in some quarters concerning the members of the theatrical profession. Once, when on tour, all the hotels in a town where she was playing were full, and all the best lodgings were also occupied by farmers and their wives, owing to its being cattle show week.

Eventually she was glad to take shelter for the night in the humble abode of a good lady who eked out a slender income gained through taking in washing and by letting lodgings to all and sundry. The landlady proved to be a good sort, however, and on leaving Miss Irving thanked her cordially for her kindness and consideration. Imagine the amused astonishment of the famous actress when the good lady, looking up from her wash-tub, said, with benign condescension:

"That's all right, my dear. I'm always good to theatricals, for I never know what my own children may come to."

* * *

Poole, the famous London tailor, was making holiday at Brighton, and one morning, on the pier, he met one of his noble customers.

"Good morning, Mr. Poole," said the peer.

"Good morning, my lord," replied the tailor, who then passed on.

"Stay, Mr. Poole, I want to show you this coat," replied the aristocrat. "It doesn't fit me at all."

Poole was a man of ready wit. He stopped, looked carefully at the coat, and then, drawing a piece of chalk from his pocket, said:

"Your lardship is right; the coat wants to be taken in here and let out there, and shortened here and just a bit lengthened there," and at each "here" and "there" he made a heavy chalk-mark. "Now, my lord," he continued, as he saw a curious crowd had gathered round, "if you will just take that coat up to London, marked as it is, my manager will see that it is altered to your satisfaction."

His lordship did not again commit the impertinence of "talking shop" to Poole.

* * *

Miss Sydney Fairbrother, the clever impersonator, once had rather a doubtful compliment paid her. "I had been paying visits to the local military hospital," recalls Miss Fairbrother, "and I became quite good friends with a young Canadian officer, but he sailed for Canada on long sick leave, and I lost sight of him. One day, a few months later, as I came out of the stage door, an officer came up to me, and I recognised my friend, who had returned from Canada.

"'You remember me?' he said. 'I'm Ginger from the hospital.'

"'Of course,' I replied. 'You saw my name on the programme.' For my make-up as Mah Bubah converts me into a hag of about seventy years, and I thought it was a complete disguise.

"'Oh, no, I never saw the programme,' Ginger replied. 'I recognized you directly you came on the stage.'

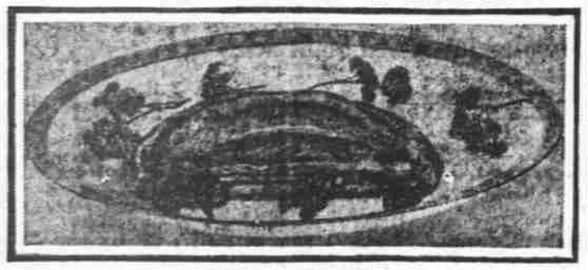
"It was the biggest blow I ever received."

The Unlucky Number.

"James," said a customer indulgently and yet firmly, "I ordered one dozen oysters. Now, in my young days one dozen comprised precisely twelve. Why, then, have you brought only eleven?"

James adjusted his serviette to the required position on his forearm and bowed elegantly. "Sir," he said calmly and evenly, "our patrons do not care to sit thirteen at table!"

For Five Cents a Person



Onion Omelet

By Jeanette Hardman.

CHOP one small onion finely. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a stewpan; when hot, put in the onion and fry it without browning; then add a tablespoonful of chili sauce and cook until the onion is tender. Beat four eggs in a bowl with a fork until the whites and yolks are thoroughly mixed, but they should not be frothy; season them with salt and pepper.

Put one tablespoonful of butter in an omelet pan; as soon as it is hot, pour in the eggs, stir in the centre with a spoon until the eggs begin to set round the edge; then place the onions in the centre, fold over quickly into an oval shape in the form of a crescent, brown lightly, turn over; then tip it carefully into the centre of a hot platter. Garnish with parsley and serve at once.

Will serve four persons. Average cost, twenty cents.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Don't Run Away.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Recently I met a young man whom I have learned to love, and what makes it worse is that I see him almost every day in my place of business. This man is very nice to me and that is about all.

Would you advise me to leave my place, so that I can forget about him? A READER.

DON'T yield to your own emotional folly. However this man attracts you you are not feeling real love, because that has to be based on more than mere physical appeal. You don't know him, and if you did you really might find him stupid and boresome. Don't run away, but stay and try to develop a sane friendship out of which legitimate deeper feelings may grow. Dismiss all your foolish ideas about being in love. Look the thing squarely in the face and say to yourself, "This man attracts me strongly. Well, now I must see if I am clever enough to make him like me." If you lose determine that you must cultivate a little more charm, so that you can appeal to the people you like, and a little more poise, so that you won't idealize any attractive man who happens to come your way.

Mary MacLane Writes of Heaven

The Gifted Writer Says the Word Has "Sounds of Finality as if All the Winds Had Stopped Blowing Forever."

Here is another installment of extracts from the book, "I, Mary MacLane," by Mary McLane, who pictures herself in the different phases of her moods with such indifference as to public opinion:

By Mary MacLane.

This I write is a strange thing.

This I write is so close to fact, so far from it; so close to truth, so far from it.

My mind lives like a witch in a forest, weaving its spells, reveling in smooth, vivid adventure.

Every human friendship I form throws me back more completely on myself.

I know my own human enchantments, and they never fail me.

It seems some way unlike God to make each person a something all of cross-purpose.

My days are as silent as if I lived in this book alone.

To be one human being means to be monstrously mixed.

The clearest lights on persons are smalls salient, personal facts and items about them and their ways of life.

I am old-fashioned in many of my tastes—in all my reading and writing tastes. I do not like typewriters; they make finger-tips callous in a poor cause. And I do not like fountain pens, which some way seem suitable only for business letters, forgeries, bookkeeping, and crude, cursory love letters.

I like a glass of very hot water and a dish of preserved damson plums on a sultry August day.

I wear five-and-a-half A-last shoes; number twenty-one snug whalebone stays, and weigh 124 pounds.

I love the sound of the clinking of two clean, new clay pipes, one upon the other.

The kiss of a lover has an intense, comic use; the kiss of a mother is tender, fostering food; the kiss of a friend is vantage; the kiss of a child is cool charm of snowflakes and green springtime leaves.

I don't want to get into heaven. I don't know what it is, but the word has sounds of finality, as if all winds, sweet, nervous, petal-ridden winds, had stopped blowing forever.

There's a human effluvium which I feel from people which would touch, wrap, enclose me in a harsh vapor—a half-frozen, half-stinging worldly cloud.

So it is finished and I have failed because I am too cowardly and too weak and too dishonest to write certain bruised and self-accusing places in my soul and in my heart and in my mind which rightly come in the scope of this.

More of these unique reflections will appear here soon.

Take Your Children Out

By Wm. A. McKeever,

One of the Nation's Authorities on Children and Sociological Problems.

"EVERY Saturday afternoon during the Summer we take the children and go to the hills, no matter what else happens. We don't stop for rain, but we simply put on our old clothes and go anyway."

This significant statement was made by a busy office man who was earning only a fairly good salary in a big city establishment which closed at noon Saturday. I was naturally much interested in this matter and on inquiry learned further details like the following:

There were four children in the family ranging in age from five to eleven. It was the practice of this group to take a simple lunch and ride to the end of a certain car line to the suburbs and then walk a quarter of a mile to a rough timber meadow where the natural scenery was somewhat unspoiled. There were trees and underbrush, with grassy plots between, and here and there were steep bluffs and a shallow brook. "Just to relax and keep as close as possible to nature," was a further characteristic of this wise man.

Now, I am aware that there are thousands of busy, overworked city parents who cannot well accord their children the sacred right of a frequent contact with Mother Nature. But there are thousands of others who could do so if they would, and I'll tell you how.

First of all, I should like to prevail upon city parents to quit dragging their children around among crowds. There is too much jostling together, too much pop and ice-cream cones and candy sucking, too much childhood display of fine clothes and city manners—all of which I call "mollycoddling." Instead of this pampering and nerve-wrecking activity, let the parents travel far to get themselves and their children into God's free out-of-doors.

A tree to romp under and climb, some butterflies to chase, a few wild flowers to pluck or a shallow pool to paddle in, with the freedom of unsoilable old clothes—this, I say, is a place of constructive possibilities and of poetic promise for the children of any crowded city.

Some people seem to think that the Sunday school is a place merely for Scripture study and many prayers and a sort of admonishing the children to come into the fold. I regard all this as the least of its duties, while it is engaged in the larger business of growing Christian character by means of the spiritualized practices of the young.

If I were in authority over the Sunday school in your church, my dear pastor, I should have some of the mambers of my flock make out a complete list of all the young who might properly be considered as belonging in the spiritual sons of that school, and without regard to the membership. Then I should formulate a plan for taking every one of these children on a rough-and-tumble, old-clothes, country hike once every fortnight.

No finery or restricted city ways would be permitted on these trips. There would be yelling and running and climbing and digging and wading and a simple luncheon all together, but no cigarette smoking or vulgarity or other conduct likely to besmirch the character of childhood.

After this country picnicking once becomes established as a habit, either by a family or larger group, it becomes an occasion of great charm in the thought of the boys and girls so favored and it furnishes them the true occasion for obtaining nurture for their hungry souls.

To me the practice of merely giving the children of the city one big outing per year looks too much like lazy spectacularism, or some one's big free advertisement. At best it furnishes only an exciting shock for the already overwrought nerves of city children. Why not plan to make the trip more often and regularly and thus through a programme of sound educational practice add a spiritual abundance to our citizenship of to-morrow?